

Hunting Journal
Frederic Leopold



Christmas Trip, 1921-2

F.L., A.L., A.S.L.

December 25. Cast off bank at Albuquerque 9:45 a.m. - weather cloudy and a little snow. E.B.L. waved us goodbye and drove home the Ford. At Barelás bridge had to pass the curve under the platform built for repairing the west piers. On the east bank saw where a beaver had cut down the tree bearing one of the new game refuge signs. Just above R.R. bridge at Isleta saw a big flock of mallards light in the little slough on the west bank. Sneaked them and Frederic made a neat double. Had lots of trouble getting through the shallow channels. Found a nice little bunch of yellow-legs above wagon bridge, which we passed at 2:45 and Frederic killed 3 straight. Big bunch of geese on the Isleta refuge. Near Peralta I folded up another yellow-leg with the 22 at about 50 yards. Got to Los Lunas pretty cold about 5:00. Cached the outfit in the willows and walked to Ed Otero's house, where we spent a very luxurious night.

December 25. Left 9:45 a.m. Josefita ran down to see us off. I folded up a hen mallard who was asleep in the willows on the bank, and later killed a drake out of a flock we sneaked. Also a fine drake green wing who was using the bank. At noon stopped for lunch on lower Tome Point - a big drake came by and we crippled him. He came down below and we at once went after him but couldn't find him. I killed a big drake sprig from the point. Passed Belén bridge 2:45 and camped on the first point of the Casa Colorado bottom. Very nice camp - especially the roast yellow-leg supper.

December 27. Took a look at some likely quail ground behind camp. Found a small covey of which we got 2, one a gambel. The covey seemed to be scaled. While quail hunting two big geese went over camp high, but nothing else. Decided we were not in a goose country so packed up and got under way 10:30. Stopped for lunch at a ruin on a high bank on the east side above Las Nutrias. In p.m. ran into lots of ducks, of which Frederic got 3, it being his turn in the bow. The last was a black out of a pair asleep on a willow bank. Stopped at Sabinal for water, also bought the only postage stamp in town for 10¢ and sent a note home. Opposite Bernardo ran onto Kenneth Baldrige and Arthur Sisk. They were camped at Nutrias; had a few ducks but no geese. Coasting along a willow bank we came right up on two big beaver asleep in the sun. One was so surprised he didn't even slip off into water. Many geese and ducks around Carl's Bernardo Point so at sunset we camped on a nice grassy bank at the head of La Jolla Island and prepared for a goose day tomorrow. Saw gulls today.



ON C







December 28. Crossed the river at daylight in the canoe and F.L. walked back to Carl's point. I made a blind under a grass bank. Great flocks of sawbills passed all morning but very little else. I got 1 black mallard who fell 3/4 mile west and I walked up within 6 feet of him. He had green on his crown like the one killed earlier in the season at Tome. I conclude this may be a normal marking and not a hybrid. Ate lunch and set a couple of coon traps in the old channel east of the Island. Then scouted around for quail and found a small covey of which we got 5 after some very pretty dog work. Nothing moving on the river. Had a rabbit dinner with trimmings - nothing lacking except a goose on the tent pole.

December 29. Not much moving so packed up and hit the river. On a grassy bank we floated up on a huge flock of honkers. The current was favorable and nobody moved but at sixty yards they decided our outfit was not a log and proceeded with a great clamor of voice and wing to go west. Soon after we found two flocks at the lower point of La Joya Island but not in floating range. This was too much for us so we camped on the next point which was literally bedraggled with beaver slides and runs. I built a blind on a bar while Fritz dug a pit in the willows. A flock headed north would have given us a shot when we first arrived had they not seen Flick who was engaging a rabbit. Nothing doing except one drake mallard which I hit and Fritz collapsed as he was scaling down. He hit a bunch of dead willows and made a great clatter. Braised sprig breasts and noodles for dinner while the beavers slapped around under the river bank. Nice camp.

December 30. Got back in the blinds but only one flock passed. It suddenly occurred to me tomorrow was the last day of the quail season. Fritz said O.K. so we hit the river and at the upper end of La Joya bottoms saw a likely quail place. Tried it and found a whale of a covey of scaled quail. Flick did noble work and we ended up with 14. Ate lunch, went aboard and stopped at La Joya Plaza for water. Met McGrath who was going through goose hunting. He told us to go 2 miles below in the big mesquite cover for Gambels. We did, arriving in time for a comfortable camp and a great mulligan containing 14 separate ingredients - a little of everything in the chuck box. Fritz and Starker finished it with enthusiasm and dispatch. Geese talked to us tonight from the bar. We set 2 traps in a muskrat run near camp. Fritz killed a drake from a pair on the bank.

December 31. While eating breakfast Flick put up a huge covey of Gambels 30 yards below camp. We took after them, first inspecting the traps which were empty. Got them scattered over about 80 acres of mesquite and as the covey contained at least 60 birds we staid with them all morning, coming in with 28 fine

birds. They lay well, ran hardly at all, Flick was in top form and it was unbeatable sport. Came to camp and made a big loaf of corn bread, aired beds, and performed other ceremonies suitable to the clean clothes and shave indulged in this morning. In p.m. worked with and found a scattered bunch of scaled quail some other hunter had been into. Later we found both kinds scattered on the same ground. Flick's choke-bored nose and brilliant performance, as well as Fritz's good shooting made this a very pleasant little walk. We ended up the day with 39 birds, 35 Gambel and 4 scaled. It was the hottest quail shooting I have ever been into. Fritz made one run of 6 straight and 1 double. We ended with a Dutch oven full of finely browned birds and called it a happy ending of the year of 1921.

Fritz killed a sharp-shin this morning who was hunting scatters.

January 1. Cast off early and had a little work and quite a bit of excitement running the rifles and rocks of the box canyon below La Joya. Stopped at Zinimers for eggs, water, and tobacco. Found a fine big bar below San Acacia with 2 flocks of geese - one containing a single wavie - and a good point. It looked exceedingly good so we camped. Starker went around the geese alone and made a fine job of flushing but they cut the point and passed a little too far behind us over the timber (after giving us the flutters by coming straight at us). I dug in out on the bar. A wind sprang up and there was quite a movement of ducks north. Fritz made a double on teal and I made a double on drake sprigs. We celebrated New Year's dinner with high hopes for tomorrow and in a very pleasant camp with worlds of fine wood. Lots of herons and some gulls on river. Lots of shooters on San Acacia ponds.

January 2. The San Acacia bunch started shooting too early and one flock of geese left our bar before we got out. Dark lowering morning with southwest wind strong. Starker went around the lone wavie and one honker - who were still on the bar while I was digging in further out and I missed an excellent chance for a shot as they swung south. Made a double on a pair of widgeons that floated down on me and killed a hen mallard, then sent Fritz out while I held the bank. He got a hen mallard. Wind continued. In p.m. I got a mallard and another widgeon on the bar, and Fritz a mallard and a sprig. Stayed in the same camp with another quail dinner. Heavy movement back up river to San Acacia at sunset, but no geese passed.

January 3. On the bar early but no geese. Fritz got a drake and 3 teal on the bar. About 10 o'clock it threatened

rain and as I was in camp rolling the bedding the geese came along about 10 yards high right over the inner pit and barely moving into the southerly gale now raging. Sic semper brantibus. Weather had been blowing for three days so that the water was lowered at least 6 inches in river - evidently the south wind simply prevented the water from coming down. It was turning cold so we loaded up and hit the trail. Waves on the riffles were very choppy and current barely sufficient to carry the boat against the wind. Above Socorro bridge we found the flock with the waver in it and I made a long walk to drive it over a point where Fritz and Starker were waiting. They drove, but away over the sandhills. If we had not tried to land on this point we would have killed a big lone honker sitting on the bank. On the Socorro refuge we found lots of tame geese and mallards and veritable clouds of teal. Arrived opposite Socorro at about 3 o'clock and spent the rest of the day at the sad task of hauling out the outfit and shipping it back. Took the 4:30 a.m. train back to Albuquerque gooseless but well content with our trip.

General Observations.

Beaver are getting too numerous. We saw an enormous amount of work, old and new. All along, in lieu of the usual stores of branches under water, they have made piles of small willows and cottonwood sticks on the banks. These of course soon dry and are worthless as food. There is no reason in this. It looks like blind expression of the hoarding instinct. Of course, they also hoard branches in tunnels under the bank, and these keep well. Evidently these beaver sun themselves freely in cavities overhung by the bank, from which they can slip into the water unseen in case of alarm.

Banks. More mallards (always pairs) and greenwing (apparently always singles) were using the wooded banks than I ever saw before. Some would be on the bank, but most puddling around the sods at water level. None knew what to make of a boat when we came upon them. 2 flocks of geese were also on banks.

Pairing Off. Mallards were very noticeably in pairs. At San Acacia I watched a pair on a bar and plainly saw them mating. There were flocks, however, which seemed to be mostly drakes.

Sprigs. Male sprigs in full plumage plainly preponderated. We killed no hens except at the Gun Club after returning.

Geese. There was less goose talk at night than usual.

Possibly this is only during moonlight. We only had an evening new moon at the end of our trip. There was very little day movement except on windy days. This may have been due to the very mild weather.

Quail. The Gambels didn't run as badly as our scaled quail around Albuquerque. The big flock after a dog-flush apparently broke up into small bunches of a dozen or so, which were easily scattered on second flush. The scatters lay well but many more could be flushed with a dog than without.

Crippled runners of both species seem to go from 25 to 40 yards and then bush up. Flick has learned not to try to trail them in the dry sand but rather to make a systematic hunt of all the bushes within a radius. He had fine success in thus finding cripples apparently lost. The seent seems to stick to a bush where it would be lost on the open ground.

I seem to notice both at Ojito and down river that the covies in coyote-infested foothills are always small by the end of the season, even where there seems to have been little shooting. This applies to scaled only.

Plants. Saw a few greasewood as far north as La Jolla. The dark Gila Willow goes as far north as Bernardo but the light-leaved one only to La Jolla. Found a large wild grapevine on a cottonwood on La Jolla Island - first I have ever seen in the valley.

Misc. Birds. What is the owl that commonly gives a rather noncommittal whoop all along the river at night? I have never seen any but the Great Horned but this does not sound like the eastern Horned.

Saw a Kingfisher or two along the banks. Heard Kinglets. Missed the magpies usually at Bosque and once at Nutrias. In the box canyon saw several golden eagles.

Mersangers. Saw both Goosanders and Red Breasted at short range. They flock together. Again heard one or the other moaning at night.

Duck Bars. Year after year I see certain bars with ducks, and others seemingly just like them with no ducks. The good places are in zones, each including an extra wide place in the river but also generally additional adjacent narrower stretches.

CHUCK LIST

(Corrected to amounts actually used)

3 men, 9 days.

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ # | Back Bacon, | 1# | Salt, |
| 2# | Ham, cut | 12 | Small cream, |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ # | Butter, | 1 | Preserves, |
| 1# | Cheese, | 2# | Water crackers, |
| 4 | Loaves Bread, large | 3 doz. | Eggs, |
| 1 pkg. | Pancake flour, | 1# | Macaroni, |
| 1# | Flour, | 1# | Noodles, |
| 1# | Meal, | $\frac{1}{2}$ # | Med. postum, |
| 2# | Hominy, | 1# | Coffee, |
| 1# | Oatmeal, | $\frac{1}{2}$ # | Cocoa, |
| 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ # | Rice, | | Peanut candy, |
| 7# | Potatoes, | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ # | Cake or cookies, |
| | Onion, carrot, chile | | Baking powder, |
| 1 can | Tomatoes, | 1# | Beans, |
| 5# | Apples, ^o | | Tea, |
| 1# | Raisins, | | Cinnamon, |
| 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ # | Prunes, | 6 | Dog biscuit, |
| 2# | Sugar, | 1 pt. | Syrup |

*Supplement on way

Shells 250 per man, half quail and half ducks.

CENSUS OF GAME SEEN

| <u>Date</u> | <u>From</u> | <u>To</u> | <u>Geese</u> | <u>Mallard</u> | <u>Sprig</u> | <u>Widgeon</u> | <u>Teal</u> | <u>Merg.</u> | <u>Misc.</u> | <u>Ducks Total</u> | <u>Yel. Legs</u> | <u>Coveys Quail</u> |
|-------------|---------------|-----------------|--------------|----------------|--------------|----------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|--------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| 12/25 | Albuq. | Los Lunas | 100 | 100 | 40 | 40 | 100 | | 20 | 300 | 10 | 0 |
| 12/26 | Los Lunas | Casa-Col. | 50 | 125 | 25 | 25 | 150 | | 25 | 350 | 2 | 0 |
| 12/27 | Casa-Col. | - La Jolla Isl. | 200 | 500 | | 200 | 100 | 200 | | 1000 | | 1 |
| 12/28 | | | 100 | 100 | | | | 200 | | 400 | | 2 |
| 12/29 | La Jolla Isl. | - Beaver Pt. | 75 | 50 | | 25 | | 50 | | 125 | 5 | |
| 12/30 | Beaver Pt. | - Mesquite Camp | 50 | 50 | | | | 25 | | 75 | 5 | |
| 12/31 | | | 25 | 10 | | | | | | 10 | | 2 |
| 1/1 | Mesquite | - San Acacia | 75 | 100 | 150 | 75 | 50 | 25 | | 400 | | |
| 1/2 | | | 25 | 300 | 100 | 100 | 400 | | | 900 | | |
| 1/3 | San Acacia | - Socorro | <u>100</u> | 600 | 100 | | 600 | 10 | | <u>1410</u> | | |
| Total, | | | 800 | | | | | | | 4970 | | 5 |
| Per day, | | | 80 | | | | | | | 500 | | |

GAME KILLED

| <u>Date</u> | <u>Gambel</u> | <u>Scale</u> | <u>Mallard</u> | | <u>Bl.Mallard</u> | | <u>Sprig</u> | | <u>Widgeon</u> | | <u>Greenwing</u> | | <u>Yellowleg</u> | <u>Total</u> |
|--------------|--------------------|--------------|----------------|------|-------------------|-----|--------------|------|----------------|--------|------------------|---|--------------------|--------------|
| | | | ♂ | ♀ | ♂ | ♀ | ♂ | ♀ | ♂ | ♀ | ♂ | ♀ | | |
| 12/25 | | | 1 | 1 | | | | | | | | | 3(1) | 6 |
| 12/26 | | | (1) | (1) | | | | (1) | | | (1) | | | 4 |
| 12/27 | (1) | (1) | 2 | | | 1 | | | | | | | | 5 |
| 12/28 | | 1(4) | | | | (1) | | | | | | | | 6 |
| 12/29 | | | 1 | | | | | | | | | | | 1 |
| 12/30 | | 4(10) | 1 | | | | | | | | | | | 15 |
| 12/31 | 16(16) | 4 (3) | | | | | | | | | | | | 39 |
| 1/1 | | | | | | | | (2) | | | 2 | | | 4 |
| 1/2 | | | 1(1) | 1(1) | | | 1 | | (1) | (2) | | | | 8 |
| 1/3 | | | 1 | | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | | 4 |
| Total | 16(17) 60 quail | 9(18) | 7(2) | 2(2) | (1) | 1 | 1(2) | (1) | (1) | (2) | 1(1) | 4 | 3(1) 4 yel.legs | 92 |
| Wts. | 5.8 oz. | 7 oz. | 2-9 | 2-4 | 2-9 | | 2-0 | 1-12 | 1-5 | 12 oz. | 11 oz. | | | |

Shooting: A.L. 1.9 shells per head, 3 doubles F.L. 3.0 shells per bird, 4 doubles

OUTFIT FOR SUPERIOR FOREST TRIP (4 men - 2 weeks)

Chuck

| | |
|--|---|
| 2# Crisco (1#-1# can) | 3# seeded Raisins |
| 7# Bacon | 6# dried Prunes & apples |
| 5# Ham | 7# Sugar |
| 3# Butter in oiled pasteboard case | 1½# Salt |
| 5# Cheese, Kraft | 1# Klin powder milk (whole) |
| 18# Flour (3- 6# bags & 4# pancake) | 6 small cans Jam & Preserves |
| 5# Cornmeal | 5¼# Suede Bread (Rye Crisp) (3 packages) |
| 3# Hominy | 4# Macaroni, cut |
| 5# Rice (½ unpolished) | 4# Noodles |
| ½ doz. Medium onions | 4 oz. can Postum |
| 1# Dehy. Julienne 3 Carrots | 2# Coffee |
| 4# Dry Navy Beans | 4 oz. Tea (2 - 2 oz. tins Liptons) |
| 4# Fruit Cake | 2 doz. Peanut Bar |
| 1 Candle | 2- 6 oz. cans Baking Powder |
| 1½# Tobacco (3 men) | 1 oz. Cinamon |
| | ¼# Mustard, dry, Colemans. |

Utensils

Nested Outfit: Coffee pot, 2 kettles, 5 cups, 4 plates, 4 forks, 4 teaspoons, 2 spoons, Folding fry-pan, skillet with lid. Camp knife, cake lifter. Soap, dish rags. Food Bags.

Equipment Misc.

Axe, whetrock, file
1 Tent 8x10 Silk mosquito nets
Rope, cord, wire, nails, thongs
Emergency Kit
Shaving Kit & mirror, comb, Towel
Shoegrease in can Tumpline
Sewing Kit Dufflebags
Pinchers Maps
Pocket knives, watch, Journal,
Can of Matches (1 box) pencil
1 Compass, pocket Camera &
Fly Dope 10 films (8 ea.)
Canoe patch
Beds

Fishing Tackle

2 Bait Casting Rod, Reel
line
1 Trolling line on spool
Fish Scales
6' Tape
Lures, hooks, etc.
Licenses

Clothes, each

| | | |
|--------------|------------------------|------------|
| Wool shirt | Extra underwear | Extra pipe |
| Pants | Hat, Gloves | |
| Overshirt | Boots & Camp Moccasins | |
| 3 pair socks | Bandanas | |

June 11, 1924 Twas Wednesday noon when we set sail from Winton, Minnesota, going up Fall Lake in an old launch, thence by truck over an old logging grade four miles into the S.W. arm of Basswood Lake. Here we loaded up our two 16' Racine Canoes and struck N.E. for the international boundary. About 5:00 P.M. we got to the Canadian Ranger Station (Quetico Provincial Park), bought our licenses of Ranger Seeley and headed north about a mile and

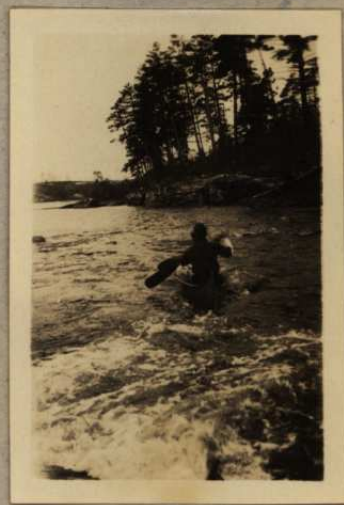
pitched camp. Starker's fishing fever was running high, so we paddled out to a little island and caught two pickerel for supper.

Our camp was under a fine stand of Norway Pine, where Hermit-thrushes were singing. It is already apparent that the pine timber on the Canadian side is all uncut and not much burned, while on the American side there is not a pine left. The numerous islands are fortunately all covered with fine mature pines.

Roast pickerel for supper. When we went to bed at nine it wasn't yet dark.



June 13 Gave up trying to stay in bed about 4:30 A.M. Eating breakfast a Black Mallard and several small mergansers passed by. Headed north toward Canadian Point where in a wide part of the lake we found a big bunch of Loons, the banks of Pine Timber echoing their calls. Starker trolled and caught a big pickerel with a parasitic worm projecting from his side. In spite of this he was fat. Put him back of course. About 10 A.M. reached the Basswood River and soon got to the first falls, portaging around them and finding our outfit good to carry but not quite down to where we could make it in one trip. Had some lunch and Carl and Fritz caught two fine wall-eyed pike, in addition to pickerel which we let go. Several red-breasted mergansers passed over.



Then we portaged another falls, but the next rapid we ran (with great eclat). Then we portaged the lower falls, at the foot of which Fritz added and Starker. About 3 P.M. portage of still fall which is of the river of Crooked Lake.



another wall-eye caught a pickerel. we camped on the another very pretty probably the end and the beginning

3

There is considerable style to this camp, which is on a grassy Knoll overlooking the fall, with an International Boundary Monument for a tent-peg.

Boiled wall-eyed pike with mustard sauce for supper. After supper we fed an Indian who chanced along in a birchbark canoe and then went fishing. Carl flirted with a huge pike at the foot of the falls, but couldn't hook him.

Fritz caught another wall-eye but put him back.

After threatening rain it cleared up

with a beautiful sunset. Fished again. Starker caught a wall-eye all on his own - he is learning to throw a spoon, and Carl caught the granddaddy of the white-eyed tribe, a beautiful big four pounder. This was on one of the jointed plugs. Everybody caught pike.

Turned in at 9:00 after 17½ hours. Even then it wasn't fully dark.



June 13 Got under way about seven. Rounding a point near the painted cliffs Fritz and Starker saw two does. Carl and I came up and snapped at one of them which broke and ran at 40 yards. The scenery is extraordinary. Went up a blind bay by mistake and found a muskeg with moose tracks. They had evidently come down for the lily with a rosette of red leaves on the bottom. Moose tracks were visible in the lake bottom as well as on the shore.

to a narrows
literally
pike - we
and let
No sooner
on than I
on a grassy
and I made



Soon we came
with a current
full of big
caught several
them go.
had we started
sighted two deer
shore. Carl
the sneak. They

seemed to see us at a quarter mile but resumed feeding and playing like a pair of puppies, striking with their front feet and dodging sidewise. They too were after the red lilies, fragments of which were floating in the water. We had the wind and light both in our favor and got up to not more than 30 yards, snapping two films.

We nooned on a fine point of solid rock, open to the breeze, with deep pitchoffs full of big pike and big shiners along the shoreline. Fritz caught a $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounder and Starker a smaller one and a wall-eye.
drumming here.
swallows had a
pecker hole in



Many grouse were
A pair of tree
nest in a wood-
an old Jack Pine.

The hole was alive with big red ants. How the young would survive the ants I can't imagine.

Continuing through Crooked Lake I caught a big wall-eye of 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ #, which we kept for supper. Camped on a little rock Island with only half a dozen trees and no mosquitoes. Tried a fish mulligan consisting of the



cut into big boneless potatoes, mixed vegetables, rice It was a huge success. broth first (thus

planked wall-eye cubes, ham, dehydrated and noodles. We had the avoiding any

need for a hot drink) and the rest afterward. It was so good we christened it Island Mulligan and the camp Mulligan Island. After supper Fritz and Starker went back to a narrows with a strong current where we had seen many wall-eyes, while Carl and I went trolling for trout. We were soon diverted, however, by a persistent bawling across the lake, which we took to be either a bear cub (which bawls very like a calf) or a calf moose. We landed and found a lake with a little muskeg full of moose tracks, beds, trails and piles of sign. By the time the bawling had stopped, the wind being quartering against us. We lifted the

canoe over we were on necting with where the boys They had pike and another one, where the



and found an arm con- the channel were fishing. landed a huge were playing at a place pike had run

6
a school of shiners up into the shore rocks and had them surrounded. The minnows were dashing frantically while the pike slashed right and left in the shallows. One could hook a pike at nearly every cast. Fritz had de-barbed a spoon so as to facilitate getting them off for release. Everybody caught pike (and a few wall-eyes) till the mosquitoes and approaching dark sent us to camp, towing the two big ones to have their pictures taken tomorrow.

We distinctly heard grouse drumming at 9:30 P.M. after dark. The moon was nearly full. Hermit thrushes were also singing.

June 14 Up a little later this morning and got started about seven. Trolled for trout a while but caught nothing but little pickerel. Continued West through the channels of Crooked Lake. A party of Indians, headed for La Croix, passed us. Arrived at Curtain Falls for lunch. Two miles before we got there we could

hear
quar-
could
air
full
of
spray
vapor



the roar, and a
ter mile away one
feel the moist cool



They
are

quite a show.

A Pileated woodpecker flew across the channel near the falls. We had heard them previously drumming in the woods.

7
At the falls we had a pow-pow and decided to strike off North into the wilder country rather than continue along the Indian route along Shortiss Island. We went down the first bay, where we mistakenly supposed the portage to be, and discovered a little hidden lake on which was an eagle. Moose, deer and bear tracks, all fresh were on the sand beach at its outlet.

On a bare rock in this bay we found a nest of three young herring gulls. The old ones flew overhead and tried to lead us away. The young took to the water as we approached. We ran one

down and a pretty white, dots. It but swam the down up water



caught it - downy chick, with black did not dive, well. However, plumage soaked rather rapidly. tried the second and found the

We now
ond bay

portage. A big buck, whose fresh tracks we found in the sand, snorted and stampeded up the hill as we landed. Saw two grouse, moose, and deer

portage. Crossed then portaged

It was immediately we had here the real North



tracks on the an unnamed lake and into Roland Lake. ately apparent that green water of the country, rather than

the brown water of Crooked and Basswood. We camped on a beautiful rock point full of Reindeer moss and backed by pines. Hermit thrushes serenaded us at supper and a loon called from a far bay.

Starker, as usual, started to fish and from the canoe landing hooked what we supposed (from his spots) to be a small pickerel, but he fought as no pickerel ever did. On landing him we found him to be a beautifully spotted lake trout. This was on a barbless spoon - which we shall use hereafter. Starker got two more trout. We have had two big ambitions - seeing moose and catching trout, and have now solved the trout problem.

After supper Fritz stumbled upon a hen mallard setting eight eggs right in the pine forest. The number of adventures awaiting us in this blessed country seems without end. Watching the gray twilight settling upon our lake could truly say that "all our ways are pleasantness and all our paths are peace".

June 15 Fried lake trout for breakfast were positively the sweetest fish ever eaten.

All the trout on stringers were dead. Have never yet found a way to keep trout alive, short of a tight pen in the water.

A fine chorus of white-throated sparrows when the sun came up. "Ah poor Canada! Canada!" Thank the Lord for country as poor as this.

Laundrying, sewing and wetrocking bee around camp. Then we explored the lake and found tomorrow's portage into Trout Lake. Trolled to the sand beach where we found fresh moose tracks and had a fine but brief swim, the water being cold. Coming back to camp we photographed the mallard nest. The nest consisted of a hollow pushed into the dry litter under the overhanging branches of a little spruce. It had a perfect circle of a rim consisting of the gray down of the hen. The behavior of the hen was entirely different when approached from the water instead of the land -

from the land she played cripple, whereas from the water she sprang directly into the air and hardly quacked. Only 8 eggs and nest full.

While boiling tea for lunch Starker caught another trout. After a nap all around we engaged in the very serious occupation of catching perch minnows to be used as bait for the evening fishing. Later I made Starker a bow of white cedar. In the evening we caught a few trout, one of which we had for supper. It was a female and had pink flesh, whereas the previous ones had white flesh. There are minnows and crawfish in these fish, indicating shore feeding. A large proportion are caught on first casts, indicating that they get used to a spoon and no longer get excited about it. The first three minnows also drew bites, but later minnows wouldn't work.

Carl and I learned something while casting in a bay behind camp. The water was covered with willow cotton, which gummed up the line and the ferrules so as to make casting nearly impossible.

At dark a solitary loon serenaded us with his lonesome call, which Fritz imitates very well. This call seems to prevail at night, while the laughing call is used during the day. Carl remembers the laughing call at night, however, on the trip we made to Drummond Island with Dad about 1905.

The Lord did well when he fitted the loon and his music into this lonesome land.

June 16 Under way by seven and over the portage into Trout Lake. A stiff S.W. wind gave us a little tussle getting across into the Islands. From here we skirted the lee shores on an exploration trip into the S.W. arm, where in a fine sand-beach bay we noticed all the cedars were defoliated up to a 6 foot "high water mark".

We landed to investigate and decided it was undoubtedly a winter "deer yard", the occasional spruces not being trimmed up. The cedars on the shoreline overhanging the water had undoubtedly been browsed off from the ice.

We now rigged a couple of shirt-tail sails, put the canoes side by side and returned up the lake "four sheets in the wind", trolling as we went. Right now we hooked a big fish which proved to be a four pound trout. He was hooked severely, so we kept him for supper. We then attached the little barbless spoon and at once hooked a small trout, indicating that the size of the lure has a good deal to do with the size of the fish.

Lunched on a little dream of an island consisting of a single tree on a single rock. Looked like rain, so we decided not to push on to Darkey Lake. Got up the tent and hustled in some wood from across the channel just in time before she came down in sheets, whereupon we holed up and made some -

RAINY DAY OBSERVATIONS.

Carl: The nice thing about this country is that there is no cut lumber on the shorelines. We haven't seen a sawed board since we left Basswood Lake.

Fritz: We don't know where we're going but we always get there. Following lakeshore on the big lakes there is seldom more than one way to go and a man always knows what's at the end of it. Up here there are twenty ways and every one different.

Starker: There are no Indians or tourists to bother us. We've seen one last-years camp since we left Curtain Falls.

New Leech First seen in Roland Lake. Olive green with orange lines on each side and a row of orange dots along the dorsal line.

Lichens Our rock island is covered with gray lichens, which in dry weather flatten out and expose only their "rubberized" upper surfaces, thus allowing a minimum of evaporation. The minute a drop of water strikes them, this surface turns olive green and the outer edges curl up, exposing the rough absorptive under-surface to the rain. The individual plants must attain great age, since we have passed numerous places where initials have persisted for years by being scraped into the lichen covers of rocks.

Toward evening it cleared beautifully and we all went fishing. Caught several small ones and then came back for supper (Trout Chowder and very good).

sundown we noticed trout surface and gave them a a whale which we played The fish sounded with Finally Fritz brought less spoon fell out of the bottom of the boat. and was 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long. Tied



After supper about wallowing on the try. Fritz hooked hard for 36 minutes. extreme persistence. him in and the barb- his mouth as he hit He weighed six pounds him up over night

and next morning took his picture before letting him go. He was a wonderful fish and one of the hardest fighters imaginable.

The loons called and white-throats sang as we were playing him and before we brought him home the full moon hung in the East and we had to read the scales by the fire.

June 17 Packed up and under way by a little after seven. It was a clear sparkling day with a stiff north breeze. We found the portage into Darkey Lake very steep and full of fallen fire-killed pine. On the second trip we bumped right into a pair of partridges with at least ten or a dozen chicks, of which we caught two to take a photo. The old hen had a number of calls, one a hiss like a bull snake, to defy the enemy - another a chuck like a hen to reassure the brood to set tight. Another evidently meaning alarm like a Gambel Quail. I'm not sure the hen gave all these calls - both she and the cock were on deck all the time, trying to save the day. The chicks had a peep just like any chick. They were in the down - I would guess less than a week old. The colors were about us in the drawing.



reassure the brood
a meow like a catbird,
Also an alarm chirp
I'm not sure the hen
both she and the cock
time, trying to save
had a peep just like
were in the down - I
a week old. The color

Looked for the Indian paintings supposed to be found on the cliffs in the lower part of Darkey Lake but couldn't find them.

The water
mediate -
Trout Lake
as Crooked
outlet,
contains
eye, trout
carp.



we find is inter-
not so green as
and not so brown
Lake. It has an
and we found later
pike, perch, wall-
and, unfortunately,

Explored the northwest arm down to the outlet, hoping to find bass. We are sure we saw some small ones. At the outlet we



found big three and four pound carp in great numbers. Had a lot of fun giggering or snagging them with a spoon. I also tried a bow and arrow and later a spear with a nail lashed to the point. The spear worked right now - the very first shot I got a big one right through the back. These carp were active, hard and nicely colored, and

When the hooked fish minnows

Coming Fritz and I snapped her huge pike a pound fish his throat.



were spawning. spawn dropped from great numbers of gathered to eat it. back up the arm saw a doe and and I caught a with the tail of projecting from We got no bass,

so we all set out to catch some supper, using some fine minnows, Starker had caught at the outlet. Rigged a bobber and fished off our rock point by camp, where I caught a big trout for supper. After supper we caught a big pike and some wall-eyes, all of which we turned back.

June 18 We were all slept until about bed was spent filled mosquitoes another had found netting. Our camp ful one on a high tionally deep water camp about 8:00 with

, lazy this morning and 6:30. The last hour in slaughtering large blood that in one way or their way under our on Darkey was a beauti-promontary with excep-on three sides. Left a strong head wind from

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the East. The first of five portages to Brent Lake turned out to be a lining proposition but the other four were bona fide portages - the roughest we have struck to date.

Launched our canoes in a rough bit of water and paddled out to a small Norway Pine island where we had lunch. After lunch we continued on



north-east end connecting the west sections of particularly because there is

East to the of the channel main east and the lake. A attractive spot less evidence

of fire than in any of the country we have struck so far. Made camp on the west most of a string of four small islands. Camp is made up in apple pie order because we expect to spend two days here.

In the way of miscellaneous information, the deer we saw yesterday was feeding on young horse-tail just coming up out of the water.

Found beaver lodges both in dead water in narrow inland channels and on the open lake shore with a mile or more of open water off shore.

In exploring of our island, continued peep- on investigating Laughing Loon's ing one chick tially hatched live chick inside.



the details I heard a peeping and found a nest contain- and one par- egg with a peeping

The egg is very large - about the size of a goose egg. Color a dull brown with a few black flecks scattered irregularly. The chick is a slate grey in color with black feet and bill and whitish belly.

During supper the old loons watched us from a distance of sixty yards. But after supper when we all disappeared into the tent where we kept very quiet the hen loon took courage and came right up to within thirty feet of our white tent and just now she has the chick out in the water with her. The rooster is off about forty yards making reassuring small talk to the hen while she takes the chances.

June 19 Heavy rain from about four until seven - we were busy dodging leaks in the tent. After a good rainy weather breakfast Aldo set the pace by shaving and washing clothes. Fritz, Starker and I soon followed suit and the camp was and is still bedraped with garments of many shapes. Weather too uncertain for travel so we spent the forenoon fixing up generally - baked a big batch

Our loon and remained ing - her ma nest evidentl The nest is from our tent

An early when we dis-



of tortillas. was on the nest there all morn- dove in to the bringing food. just 25 feet

lunch was ready covered a young bull moose swimming the channel to the west of our camp. We launched a canoe and raced the moose back to the south shore coming within six feet of his posterior, as he heaved himself

out of the water into the spruce thicket. Aldo took two pictures.

^x Had six inch horns with a big knob on the end. Groaned when hard pushed.

While we ate lunch a beautiful white-tail doe browsed along shore just east of camp. She was quite reddish.

Afternoon we explored an uncharted bay south of camp. Aldo caught a pike and two wall-eyes for our supper. Fritz baked a whacking corn bread - and noodles completed the menu.

The Loon story is closed. The second chick evidently hatched this morning and the parents proceeded to move their chicks to a safer place. The oldest chick made off at the parents call but the weaker one was left behind. Fritz and I have just taken it up to another island some distance from camp in hopes that the old loons will find it.

THE LOON ISLAND DECALOGUE.

- Cuss not mine ancient backlash, for the poor east we have with us alway.
2. When thou risest up to smite on mosquito, hold thy peace and lay thy shirt on the canopy.
 3. Cherish thine hat on the portage, that it may be with thee to the end of thy trip.
 4. Stack not tortillas without flour, lest they cleave together and thy brother gather up thereof seven baskets full.
 5. If thou wouldst bump the tent in a rainstorm, do it over thine own bed.
 6. Six days shalt thou paddle and pack, but on the seventh thou shalt wash thy socks.

7. Covet not thy neighbors shave, lest thou cast for a trout and be given a pickerel.
8. To him that eats shall be given a pancake, but from him that is always wanting to cook shall be taken away even the one that he hath.
9. An aluminum cup is made for forbearance and a hot griddle is the trial of a patient man.
10. See not thy brother's bum cast, and love his campsite as thine own. If there be a rock in the tent, lay thy bed upon it. Ask not for more cheese till thou see if there be any, and peace shall be with thee to the end of thy days.

June 20 Up bright and early, packed up, and under way about 6:30. Eastward along Brent Lake, which has much spruce shore and high bold islands. Saw a



bluewing teal and another pair of loons with two tiny chicks trailing them. Down the S.E. arm of Brent and over a beautiful portage into a little unnamed lake where we bumped into another pair of loons, one with the young on her back. Another portage put us into McIntyre Lake. We got as far as the narrows when the heavy sea in the S.W. arm led us to try to portage out of the Southeast arm, which was calm. We found an old trail about half a mile long into Sarah Lake. On the trail we found some lovely pink Ladyslipper in a swamp, and



our tent. We moved into another place, but the young were soon hopping all through the camp while the old birds scolded us constantly, our new hen loon complaining in the channel behind us meanwhile.

Tried the fish but it was an east wind and we couldn't connect with anything but a few wall-eyes, which we had for supper.

During the evening we heard a tree crash across the channel - doubtless the work of beavers. Very few mosquitoes during the night so we all slept fine.

June 21 While we were breakfasting three beautiful loons swam up

to within
several
us over.
was evident--
We have
trill of
call is
vibrating
mandible,
mechanism



60 yards
times to look
Their motive
ly curiosity.
noted that the
the laughing
produced by
the lower
and not by a
of the throat

alone. Also, that the "laugh" seems to prevail as a note of alarm or fear, the lonesome call seldom being used when worried or alarmed.

Packed a lunch and started out on the trail of the big bass. Tried a little bottle-necked bay just across from camp but could raise nothing on spoons. Then tried the pike-minnow plug and got results forthwith, removing two gangs of hooks to give the fish a chance. Also caught them on a pork-rind skinner. Those caught on a single hook jumped as much as four times; those on a plug never more than once. No plugs for us if we can help it. Carl also

a mother partridge with a bunch of chicks even smaller than the ones we saw a few days ago. The old hen whined exactly like a puppy dog when we approached the chicks, and played the cripple act to perfection when we started away. She kept ahead of us, leading us almost to the lake.

This portage is through beautiful birch timber with an undergrowth of maple brush and hazel. It has never been cleared but has been used at odd times. On it we found some wolf or bear sign with a big gathering of tiger-swallowtail butterflies on it.



Before leaving McIntyre we saw a big light red deer on a rocky point. The water in McIntyre was very high. Could raise no fish.

Cooked lunch near a beaver lodge in the foot of the N.E. arm of Sarah Lake. More fresh cuttings on the shores (mostly Aspen and Alder) than any place we have yet seen. In several places recently we have seen old dead pine logs gnawed by beaver - evidently just to exercise their teeth.

All of these waters are now covered with a film of Jack-pine pollen, which also makes a line on all the rocks in protected places. It does not seem to gum a line like the willow cotton.

Went South on Sarah to just above the narrows where we made camp on a fine pine island with bold shores and little underbrush. We thought we had gotten away from our nursery duties but soon found we had camped in a regular kindergarten. Carl found a loon's nest with one hatched egg and a pipped one, while Starker found a nest full of little Juncos right where we were pitching

caught two huge pike, one on a barbless spoon and the other on a pork-rind. Each took forty minutes to land - they were so heavy that the light rod acted exactly like trying to lift a railroad tie. Both pike had scars, and one smaller one a healed nick in his back. Both were the same length but the first one was deeper and heavier. It is impossible to squeeze in the Gill-covers on these huge fish - they can only be lefted by getting the fingers behind the gills. Even then ones hand would not reach around a much bigger one. Weighed them by using Starker's bow on a paddle, giving the scales three times the leverage of the fish and multiplying the scale reading by three. Thus we stayed within the capacity of the scales.

We named this after the huge pro-big pike. In it was lodge recently ex-into the lake by sticks of aspen, peeled birch. birch is not eaten building material. of the lodge on the plastered with gravel was evidently the part



Battleship Bay portions of the a large beaver tended many feet adding peeled alder and un-Evidently the but just cut as The older section shore end was and mud, this used last winter.

Broke my glasses while shaving - luckily had an extra pair.

After a fine nap we all went in for a swim, diving off a steep smooth rock into the deep water. It wasn't nearly so cold after one got in. Then had a big dinner of bean soup, bass and Tortillas. After supper went back to our bay after bass. They weren't biting,

but the beaver show was even better. A beaver played around in the mirror-like reflections of the bay, "pumping" down with a huge splash of water only thirty yards from us. Caught a few wall-eyes and returned to camp.

The narrows at the mouth of the bay are full of deer tracks, plainly visible under four feet of water.

Before we went to bed Fritz several times started all the loons within several miles calling by giving the "lonesome" call through his fingers. Some of those which answered him were on McIntyre Lake, away over the hills.

Several times today we thought we could near a waterfall in the N.E. arm of Sarah. Tomorrow we are going down there to investigate.

June 22 Off for the N.E. arm to see what we can see. Going down the big channel Starker caught a fine lake trout trolling with the rod. We kept him for supper as we have unanimously concluded they are away ahead of any other fish.

We soon found our waterfall, which is of brown-stained water, coloring the whole extreme end of the bay. Followed it up and found a little lake, only a hundred yards in but 25' higher than Sarah, with its mouth damned by beaver so that all the shores were flooded. Signs of an old portage to this lake. No suckers in the stream - we looked for some for Starker to shoot with his bow and arrow.

Found no bass in this bay as the water is full of Jack-pine pollen which killed our trout, evidently clogging his gills. There is another but older beaver lodge in this bay.



Caught a few bass but they soon stopped biting, so we decided to climb the high hill to the east and eat lunch there. The view was very interesting - also the vegetation and glaciated dome-like granite. Pink Lady-slippers were common all over the mountain.

It was a bit warm so we all decided to go swimming. We had a fine swim and seeing a big shoal of minnows we rigged up a dish-rag on two sticks

This suggested a which we tried, but There are no long lakes and if there we haven't seen them.

Now gave the bass minnows. On the way Starker heard a big



and caught a bucketful. perch-fishing party, without success. weeds in any of these are any big perch

a whirl with the to the bay Fritz and animal crash into the

brush - may have been a moose. Carl and I caught mostly wall-eyes but Fritz and Starker sighted their bass and dangled minnows in front of them and were very successful. Turned them all back. While fooling with these bass a deer snorted at us from the birch woods. It now threatened rain so we scooted for camp and cooked up a fine dinner. Had the dishes washed before the rain hit us, after which we all holed up in the tent and played the mouth-organ and sang and smoked while the rain beat down and added cheer to the evening. Cleared up and started blowing just before dark, with a fine pale sunset behind the blue clouds. Fritz raised some more loon music by calling them.

June 23 Got under way about eight after taking a picture of Starker's big bass and turning him loose. Had the wind behind us, so hoisted our shirrtail sails and kited down Sarah in a hurry.

Starker caught a fine trout trolling and we kept him for dinner. Tried the bass but couldn't raise any. Over a very steep portage into a little lake full of fresh beaver workings. Tried the bass here and saw many little ones but none big enough to strike. Then into another little lake with much fresh beaver work and several lodges, and a fine little lily-padded bay in one end with muskeg shores. This lake was remarkably deep with mud bottom and deep clear blue water. Raised no fish. Then over a very short portage into a lake so flooded by old beaver work that all the shore timber was killed. Here we were so hungry that we ate lunch on a shelving rock. There were many old lodges in this lake but no recent signs of beaver and all the aspen within reach of shore had been cut. It was evidently abandoned. Fritz saw a snowshoe rabbit come down to the lakeshore for a drink. Raised no fish here.

P.S. Mistaken about the fish. After lunch Starker saw a trout pass our point and I soon caught a beauty on a small spoon with a piece of the trout skin caught in Sarah. This fish had only the faintest suggestion of spots and brown mottled for supper. We kept him Now set about to find couldn't locate it. Spent the whole afternoon cruising around, locating two lakes to the west and one to the south which we finally concluded was our lake. Meanwhile we had made camp as it was too late to go on. It proved to be one of our prettiest and most interesting camps. A bunch of loons kept inspecting us and providing the music for the evening. After supper I caught another of the beautiful mottled trout. The atmosphere of not knowing quite where we



were, also a fine bunch of sootless alderwood, made this an exceptionally nice camp.

June 24 Under way about 7 o'clock after an extra fine breakfast of Fried Trout, apple sauce and cornbread. Decided to chance it down the beaver dam and soon identified the next lake (Brown Lake) as the one we were looking for. Frederic's lake with the beaver dam and duck pond runs into it from the west. Portaged on into

what we called from the blue Fished here and a strike that trout but Thence over portage into thought was



Blue Lake water. Starker had seemed to be caught none. the forked what we the Ranger

Station bay but where we soon found we had another long portage to make. Ate lunch here and called it Basswood Jr. from the brown water.

The forked a long one and half way. There big moose tracks Blue Lake end flooded by we sank up to in places. We



portage was we rested were very on it. The has been beaver and our knees observed

that a baggy portage was not necessarily a soft one.

- At Basswood Jr. we entered the big burn which devastated the "civilized" end of our route about 15 years ago. There is an osprey nest on this lake, and old beaver lodges on its shores.

At lunch today Carl looked wise and trotted out three Tareyton cigarettes, which he with great forbearance had been carrying in his two weeks.

We had a quartering all after- one 2 mile the mouth which we time at all.



pocket these fair breeze against us noon except stretch at Pipestone Bay sailed in no Going up saw a

Pipestone we

porcupine drinking. After a long drag got over the lower portage just before sunset. Here we saw several canoes - the first human beings we have seen since June 14, ten days ago. Noted basswood growing near the falls - evidently it goes this far north only near water that is open yearlong and hence modifies the temperature sufficiently to

Camped on a within sound of lucky to have for our last paddling and so we cooked a turned in early.



enable it to survive. pretty little island the falls. We were such a nice place camp. Had been portaging 16 hours big dinner and

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June 25 Up at 4:30 and found a big loon inspecting our camp.

Also saw a black mallard and what seemed to be a bluebill. This country has more marshy bays than the rock-bound shores where we had been and hence is ducks nesting. After a bacon and fried noodles duffle and started out. last portage where Fritz was not only sign of moose knights of Columbus. Even it, in spite of the landing and old papers.



better adapted to fine breakfast of we sorted our Soon reached our remarked that there but also elk and so we saw a deer on clocks, tin cans,

Now had a long pull up Fall Lake in the teeth of a very stiff wind. It was quite a tussle, in which Starker had to make a hand to make any progress at all. He did splendidly and we all pulled in to Winton about 9:30. Peterson came over with the truck and we wound up in Ely and caught back to work.

It has been a memorable best we ever made - and we are hard to beat. It is have made together since Island with Dad about 1906 would have loved it! I am Walton's terse but loving excellent angler, now with God."



the 12:45 train trip - maybe the have made some that the first trip we we went to Drummond or 7. How Dad reminded of Isaac tribute - "An

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MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS

Canoes Turn over at night to keep out dew and empty all water at once to avoid taking on weight. Keep paddles and skeg clean of "feather". Take off hat and pack down jumpers and all packs in facing a head wind. Have a nose ring for painter and lining. Don't step on yoke pads and place yoke 1 rib forward of center of canoe. Carry triangular balloon silk cloth 5' on each side in bow for sail. Carry line. We had two 16' Racine light weights 72# each dry.

Packs Don't carry over 60# on a trump, nor over 90# in any pack. Kenwood Bags are a little too wide to lie flat crossways. Put extra shirt under shoulder pads for canoe yokes.

Beds & Tents 7 x 9 Silkolene wall tent enough for four people. Should have bobbinet head-canopy to cover upper end of beds, lower edge weighted with shot and tied in with tapes. For supper trip wouldn't take sleeping bags or pockets. One feather or wool quilt plus two double blankets for each two people.

Clothing A jumper that buttons in front, or a heavy shirt, is better than a closed overshirt. One extra pair socks, 1 extra suit underwear and 1 extra kerchief is enough. Extra clothes should be in bag for pillow. No camp or extra shoes are worth their weight. In a rock country have rubber soles or boots - if in wet logs or trout fishing use new sharp conical hobs.

Misc. Have several iodine "vaporoles" in medicine kit, in wooden tubes. Take extra glasses.

Utensils Heavy skillet with griddle lid pays. By no means forget nippers. No aluminum cups.

NOTES ON BIG-MOUTH BASS

6/21 Bait wouldn't take spoon but took Pike-minnow or pork rind. The ones dressed were empty, indicating that the full fish don't bite. Very moody - at times not rising at all, but would take minnows when not rising to casts if minnows were held in front of them. Little ones would take minnows but not casting lures. We found no good bass fishing to cast lures except in the morning.

6/21 Sporting Qualities Jumped up to 4 times on a single hook but only once on a plug. Very persistent in following a lure and re-striking. Also followed the tied fish string from the boat, not seeming to be shy of boat, people, or noise. Some did not jump at all, even on a single hook.

6/21 Appearance There is a distinct dark medium stripe down each side and a greenish-bronze cast to the rest of the body, with dark tail.

6/21 Occurrence Near down snags in shallow water. Seem commoner in bays and protected spots than open lakeshore.

6/21 Meat & Cooking A $3\frac{1}{4}$ # fish dressed out only $1\frac{3}{4}$ #, or 54%. Meat not nearly as good as Lake trout.

P.S. A party just arrived from Long Lake as we got into Ely had 7 small-mouth which weighed $15\frac{1}{2}$ # dressed, with heads. They say they caught them on Pork Minnows.

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NOTES ON LAKE TROUT

Found in Stomachs Minnows, crawfish

Color Some have a yellowish bronze cast to a clear blue-green. Some have white belly and others are brindled. All fade quickly. So far the yellow ones had white flesh while the green ones have pink or salmon meat. Those caught in "how come" lake were mottled brown almost without spots, the flesh of one (female with small roc) was light pink, while the other was blood red when raw and strawberry when cooked.

Size Up to Trout Lake the only big one was caught deep on a big spoon. Caught several big ones later by casting while wallowing in the evening.

Misc. Points Bleed profusely from deep-set hooks, even if barbless. Always die on stringers because they won't stop fighting, or drown themselves. Plugs are no good because they won't sink. In trolling, go slow to get the line deep, using many sinkers. When caught they never jump or break water, but sound furiously. A big proportion are caught on the first cast in any given place.

On certain calm evenings trout came to the surface to feed and would be seen wallowing all over the lake. Other evenings few or none were seen doing this. Bit well whenever wallowing.

The teeth are very sharp and make bad cuts.

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Cooking Skin is thick and hard to brown. In frying planked steaks put meat side ^x down first. Like other fish the meat "curls up" less if several hours old. Best eating of any fish.

Occurrence Seem to go with perch. No pike found in ^o trout lakes or vice versa. Up to 6/16 no shiners found in trout lakes. Also all trout lakes to 6/10 have green water and pike lakes brown water.

6/22 Found with pike in Darkey & Sarah.

Sporting Qualities All lake trout seem to sound spirally and thus often wrap themselves in leader and line. Often follow the line a long way without striking, returning to it cast after cast.

^o Found pike with trout in Sarah.

^x or skin so the meat is bare on both sides. In planking, skin out the ribs of the body cavity by working from the rear end. The knife follows them more closely in this way. This is true of planking any fish.

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NOTES ON WALL-EYED PIKE

Location Seem to prefer moving water, although our biggest one was caught trolling in deep still water. Found under snags in Bass bay on Sarah.

Food Minnows, bees.

Bait Any kind of spoon or plug, preferably with Pork Rind. A sunk spoon is more effective than an unweighted one. Bite minnows freely.

Cooking Hard to scale as a yellow perch. Skin, don't scale them and then plank. Very fine for chowder. Very pale meat, dead white in color. Not over one 2# or 3# fish should be put in one chowder.

Sporting Qualities Much better fighters than pickerel but not nearly so well as a trout or bass. Eyes turn dead white soon as dead - when caught the eye is merely an opaque film. Make a big fight to start with but soon give out.

Appearance Those in Sarah and some of the other lakes had bright yellow "brindle" flecks and were a handsome fish. In other lakes they were a dull gray color. Also seems to vary in slimness as between lakes.

NOTES ON PIKE

The big pike we caught in Crooked Lake, one had very small oval or round spots with a greenish cast, the other one (bigger one) had longer slashes and a yellowish cast.

All pike seem to prefer the foot of falls but are found everywhere and can't be kept off the lines.

The pike in Sarah Lake, bigger than those of Crooked Lake, had pure white bellies and faintly yellow spots, the lengths never over twice the width. They lay under down logs in shallow water.

The meat of the one eaten in Brent Lake had a pinkish color when planked - not dead pale like wall-eye meat.

PLANTS SEEN ON WILDERNESS TRIP

Trees & Shrubs

Notes

White Pine